

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD—

ANNOUNCEMENTS—

No sooner back from Boston, the senior editor is off again for Cincinnati. Thanks to the willing hands of associates, the editorial hopper has been supplied by other hands. With firm faith that the Unitarian world, like the universe of God, a part of which it is, is moving hopefully onward, we go to do our duty at the Western anniversaries. Next week we hope to have time to greet our readers with a word of how things look at Boston, Cambridge, New York, Meadville, and concerning the outlook of the Western Conference.

IN Boston in 1825 the liberals of the Congregational body formed the American Unitarian Association. In London in 1825 the liberals, mainly of the Presbyterian body, formed the British Unitarian Association. In Boston, two or three weeks hence, they dedicate the new Unitarian Building—headquarters for our work. In London, a few months hence, they dedicate *their* new Unitarian Building—headquarters for similar work there. Shoulder to shoulder we have marched, and are reaching camp together. Under the English building lies history all strange to ours. It stands on the site of an ancient town mansion of an old earl, whose rooms were once gay with courtly scenes, and in whose underground dungeons remained till almost yesterday the iron chains and bars and spikes and massive doors that told of feudal power. Now—the lecture halls, class rooms, libraries, book societies and council chambers of the Faith that stands for every noble freedom.

THE dedication of the Boston A. U. A. building takes place in anniversary week. As is fit, the veterans, Doctor Hedge, Dr. J. F. Clarke, Dr. Andrew Peabody, say the

christening words. It is the hundredth year since the first avowedly Unitarian minister in America—James Freeman, grandfather of our James Freeman Clarke—was ordained at the King's Chapel.

FROM a friend's old letter we borrow this for an Easter after word. From our side of things it sounds true,—and true for so many! But perhaps new ways to rest in work will be among the best surprises:—"We can only think of him now as resting. We believe whatever the future may be, it is an earnest, active life as now; but for such patient, loving, suffering souls, first in the natural law of goodness must come the blessed rest. Yet a rest in full consciousness of how beautiful it is to be alive."

THE *Christian Register* has been doing some good editorial work lately in the cause of faith in freedom and freedom in faith. In the last two numbers it has been showing how the name "Unitarian" has greatened from a little seed word—and that, too, a word designating a dogma and a sect—into a significance which has some of the moral and religious dimensions of the universe. On its *historic* side, Mr. Barrows describes it as a development of Christianity, including the ideas of freedom and progress. But on its *ideal* side he defines it by universal ethics and universal religion. The article culminates in this fine closing sentence: "It is a word which there is less need of defining, because it is constantly defining itself; but, if we were asked to state in a single sentence our conception of the depth and breadth of its import, we should say, *Unitarianism is that free and progressive development of historic Christianity, which aspires to be synonymous with universal ethics and universal religion.*" A sounding *Amen* to that! Let us join hands all round to make that aspiration fact. And to do it let us frankly limit our fellowship not by the history past, but by the aspiration,—the history to come."

REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW's life of his poet brother, lately issued by Ticknor & Co., is told mainly in the form of the poet's letters and extracts from his journal, and the impression gained from previous shorter biographies is confirmed. We have here a pleasing picture of a man of quiet tastes and habits, given rather to withdrawing himself from the world of busy strife and action, interested in the questions of the day, but seldom taking sides with the whole-hearted power of an enthusiast; a man of letters first and chiefly, who records his disappointment in a tone of mild complaint upon his return from a small dinner party where he met Emerson, Agassiz and other choice companions, because the talk was entirely given up to politics. The contrast between Longfellow and Whittier in the active interest which each took in the present political and social problems of their day is quite marked. Longfellow was always a true patriot and lover of justice, but he owned neither the temperament nor disposition to become a leader in a struggling and difficult cause. We notice the same absence of deep interest in the religious discussions of his day. Born and bred a Unitarian, and living at a time when Unitarianism passed through some of its most critical periods, we find scarcely a reference to

any of those controversies and changes of belief which stand as mile-stones in the progress of our liberal faith. There are two references to Channing, one in a letter to his father in 1841, in which he speaks of meeting the great divine in a book-store, the other in his journal five years latter where he speaks of reading the Newport dedication discourse, pronouncing it very interesting, particularly the passages of autobiography and the allusion to the sea-beach of Newport. The only time that he speaks of hearing Parker is in 1854 at Music Hall, and in a discourse on the Nebraska Bill. In 1846 he attended an exhibition of young theologians, and heard their dissertations read in chapel. There were twelve in all, among whom were O. B. Frothingham and Samuel Johnson, both of whom he pronounces "very good". Earlier in the same year we find a record of "two discourses to-day from John Weiss", and nearly twenty years later of a "striking sermon preached by Conway in Newport, on Skeptics", in which he said a good word for doubters and the much-abused free-thinkers.

Longfellow was himself too little of a dogmatist and controversialist to be greatly concerned in the exciting debates of the day, either religious or political; yet his life was sweetly religious from first to last—full of kind deeds and a gentle, loving thoughtfulness for others. His biographer says of him on this point: "His nature was at heart devout; his ideas of life, of death, and of what lies beyond, were essentially cheerful, hopeful, optimistic. He did not care to talk much on theological points, but he believed in the supremacy of good in the world and in the universe."

C. P. W.

IF it is true that the proportion of generals to particulars—principles to gossip—in conversation indicates the mental character of the speakers, it is as easily true that the ratio borne by universalism to locality in religious thought indexes the development of those who affect concern on that line, and it is almost impossible to escape such an examination in the eyes and ears and minds of keen judges of men. The day in which we live has shown itself remarkably alive to the nobler interpretation of cosmology. With the entrance of some of the later material blessings which, under the wise guidance of the spirit, have been made instruments enabling man—the man Asiatic and African as well as the man Caucasian—to spread the vista of his dreams, there came the real revelation of religion for the new circumstances. There is nothing but honor and beauty latent in this; nothing, here, in the strange visitor, but undisguised excellence. We may not always read the spirit aright. The host is not ever truest to himself or able to penetrate to the guest's heart. But the glory of the presence must in its own time encompass us all.

H. L. T.

How impressive is made the fact that long contemplation of extreme punishments as necessary to the execution of justice tends to harden the heart, by the reading of Dante's Inferno. In the first circles, the poet's grief, pity and pain are overwhelming; as he advances, these lessen, and near the close of his journey his own bearing towards some of the unhappy spirits is quite as atrocious as some of the punishments described.

A. M. G.

UNITARIANS can never be completely complacent till the orthodox churches have grown into their spirit of broad fellowship. Philadelphia has a tempest in a teapot, with reference to such a moral as this. When it became evident in that city that Mr. McVickar, of Holy Trinity (Episcopal) church, might be chosen to the assistant-bishopric, opponents to his preferment accused him of latitudinarian tendencies. It appears that the innocent man attended one of the meetings attendant upon Mr. May's recent dedication services, and while there was ushered to a seat upon the plat-

form, none others being vacant. This raises a storm. Friends and foes debate the question. It is generally taken as horrible to conceive of his presence amid such surroundings, and very zealous followers, in endeavoring to prove his orthodoxy, which really deserves to go unquestioned, have by their heat turned their backs to the true direction of their opportunity. In the day of real fellowship such explanations and excuses will be wholly unnecessary. Exchanges and intercourse, made habitual, will cease to convey horror to any heart. The present occasion is one that might have been improved to bring in a wise word as to the universality of religious truth. But no one was on the ground to speak, and the hours passed to their rest more freighted with passion than with reason and generosity. Heber Newton, standing on the platform of the Free Religious Association, pointed quite another and more satisfactory moral. Men too often make their honor wait upon respectability, and the temper of the debate in Philadelphia impresses us as unbecoming and too anxious to indicate orthodox safety.

H. L. T.

FREDERIC HARRISON, in the volume discussing "The Choice of Books", which is of great interest, drops a stitch or two when he names the English professors who introduced Hindu poetry to the West and failed in any way to allude to Samuel Johnson's priceless work. It is true that Johnson was a laborer somewhat more indirectly than Müller and Wilson and Williams, and yet there are certain phases of Eastern thought pictured by him in colors glowing with superior loveliness. Time will wait upon all this.

H. L. T.

THE idea that Phillips Brooks may be called to Philadelphia as assistant to Bishop Stevens, has raised hopes in the breasts of Quaker City people, which the Hub can hardly be expected to appreciate. It is not settled that Brooks is to make the change, or even that he would triumphantly issue from a contest for the position, but it is certain that the matter is up, and the probabilities not ridiculous.

H. L. T.

IT is one of the misfortunes of the pulpit in these days that it fails to deal with the great public questions from the root outward and upward. It volunteers all sorts of homilies, general appeals, moral persuasions prettily disguised, in explanation and solution of the big concerns, but there stops. The real assaults upon the bad and the deplorable—the vigorous clubbings without which public wrong ever goes on reaping its benefits—are left to external agents, or to exceptional men on the platform, who are threatened with expulsion for their breach of clerical etiquette. Hence it is that science, art, journalism, literature, take up the giants and give them the free play so necessary to the best enactment of their parts. Hence it is that the pulpit, which might be a priceless agent in the reforms, has lost its general standard among the professions and labors unsuccessfully to justify its existence in the present shape. It is a good illustration of what culture shorn of active power can do for a class.

H. L. T.

THE Tract is the pauper of literature. It comes begging to be read. It comes with a plea to be listened to, an old, old story,—usually a doctrine. It comes with a long face. It is a *holy* pauper, a begging dervish a little awful in his rags. We get by on the other side, if we can, but eye it respectfully. Yet, even so, it does much good. The hundredth time the tramp turns out an angel; not one tract in a hundred, but any tract the hundredth time, for there is always somebody who wants and is blessed by just his message. We can imagine a bundle of old tracts telling their stories like tramps at night in a cellar, each one boasting truly that *there* and *there* and *there* it did the divine errand. But cannot the Tract be dignified above all this?

What if it carried something besides a doctrine? What if it wasn't an inch bitten off of some *ism*? What if it came with a *smile* on its face? What if it told a *fresh* story? What if it even said, Pay a cent for me and I'll tell you something you'll call cheap for that? What if it held up its head and talked so naturally about common life, so simply and brightly about the spiritual life in the every days, that people should say of it: "That's no Tract"? Might not the Tract thus be dignified into a respected citizen of literature?

THREE new western tracts are ready this week, and one of them at least is such a citizen to be approved. It is Mrs. Jones's paper, printed in *UNITY* not long ago, on "The Co-education of Husband and Wife" during the wooing, the wedding, the home-making and child-rearing. This is No. 25 of the *Unity Mission* series (5 cents; 10 for 25 cents.) The other two go into the *Short Tract* series as Nos. 14 and 15. No. 14 is part of our Easter editorials on "Deathlessness". No. 15 is a "Tract Directory" specially prepared for Post-office Mission workers, and just printed in the *Christian Register* of May 6. (Each of these, 1 cent; 100 for 60 cents.)

WE give the *Christian Register* our hearty thanks for this Tract Directory, both for the labor—no small labor—put into its preparation and the kind permission to electro-type it for our *Short Tract* list. It is by no means a bare catalogue of the 115 A. U. A. tracts and the 37 western tracts, but a catalogue with notes and comments and descriptions, so that one can find his way to the best, or to the best for given subjects and purposes. It was prepared by sending to a large number of the Post-office Mission workers, east and west, a circular asking them to designate the twelve most effective working tracts of the eastern list, and the twelve second best, each one with a line or two of comment, and to give to those of the western list a similar word of comment. It is based on practical experience, therefore. If we mistake not, it will prove in several ways a right valuable tool to the Post-office Mission folk. As mere guide book it will greatly help, especially the beginners in the work. And it will give the sense of fellowship and raise the standard of judgment and discrimination in the work. "So many at it already, and so carefully, and trying so? Then we too can join in and do our best. Let us start a Post-office Mission",—will be the feeling, as one looks over it. Not only the Post-office Mission folk, any reader who wants to find his way to what Unitarianism aims to be in faith and worship and life, had better send for this "Directory". Few in our churches have any idea of the extent and value of the tract-side of Unitarian earnestness: this advertises it as never before. And, finally, the very best thing about it is that it will help us in a year or two to prepare a still better successor to itself, a directory embodying still more careful and sifted judgments.

G.

HAPPILY twinned in birthday with this Boston tract directory comes another effective tool for the same work, sent out from Chicago by our Western Women's Conference, and called "Post-office Mission: a circular of suggestions to individual Secretaries, and for the organization and conduct of Committees". It is a pamphlet of Mr. Judy's making, with aid from Miss LeBaron, and again is based on the actual methods and experience of many leading P. O. M. workers. These very workers themselves, and much more, other readers, will be amazed to see how thoroughly this young Mission is organized, at least in the heads of this Central Committee of two. And yet, though so elaborate—a perfect pack of suggestions—each suggestion seems clear and practical and a bit of the completeness. The preface says, "The only excuse that need be offered for the multiplicity of details is that any earnest worker will be likely to find them too few—but not at

first." And to prevent panic, he wisely puts the whole story *first* in short metre, so that any Unitarian baby who runs may read the few great plain principles of a P. O. M. career. Then follows the long metre of the same thing under eight heads,—Organization, Gathering the Parish, Management of the Parish (Correspondence), Supplies, Finance, Records, Reports, Miscellaneous Distribution. The way-faring man will be a fool if he does not get lost at first, in all this, and then a greater fool if he doesn't come out all right and praising the road-makers! It is good work,—nothing more careful has been done among us here. This hand-book of "suggestions" and the tract "directory", taken together, ought to give the P. O. Mission a real impulse this coming year. With these to aid, "any one" (we quote believingly Mr. Judy's preface) "who can command a few dollars and will expend a little time can, if earnest and careful, become a most valuable co-laborer in the Mission."

G.

THREE MISSIONARIES.

And one was blind, and one an exile, and one was very aged. The blind one preached her gospel this way. She had received a copy of "Daily Strength" on condition that, if she loved the book, she in turn should give some friend a copy carrying this same gift-condition,—that thus the help might flow on and on from life to life. "Yes", she wrote the other day—or rather from that unchanging night of hers—"I remembered the promise about the little book, and last year gave away four of them. I had a fine report from one of the gifts Monday last. Prof.—came in to see me and celebrate his birthday. We had a serious talk over the past year and its profits. I questioned a little to see if my gift of 'Daily Strength' had been of any help to him. He exclaimed at once, 'I am charmed with it! I read it daily and wouldn't miss it. I've given away three copies of it, and one person I gave to has been sending copies to her friends.' So you see you get a little work out of my blind self. I don't mean to cease giving this good book to somebody yearly."

The second was in exile. She had found a sunny hill-top in the south on which to wait until the summer skies would let her to the northern home again. It was rather lonely waiting there. "But I must tell you about our Dante class", she writes. "Three or four afternoons a week, for an hour or two, four young ladies, and earnest ones they are, come to my room, and we read the 'Divine Comedy', bringing everything that will throw light on it. But the best part is the good talks we have had; they are all of the churches, and it has delighted me to find how open-minded they are. One day we spoke of the lack of Sunday feeling here, when that day came. There were often good reasons why they could not go to church,—the long walk, and chilliness there, etc. So I asked them to come to my room whenever they felt like it on that day, and we would have a service of our own. They have done so sometimes, bringing the Prayer Book, reading other suitable selections, and many of our hymns and poems. They have been very real days."

The third one, the old man, was one of the fathers of our western Unitarian Israel. When he gave me his picture four or five weeks ago, he wrote on it for his date of birth, "Edward Ilsley, April 8, 1798." Even the Golden Wedding day lay many years behind, and still the two were sitting side by side. But the youngest of old men! young by heart, by modesty, by work, by step; at his post in the bank down town till within two months; fresh and firm, loving and lovable, though provided eighty-eight years ago with a will of his own, which he had always kept. Now just gone,—stepping forth quickly and happily, as was his wont. And how had he preached his gospel? In many ways no doubt, but in these last years, the eighties of his life, by a curious device of kindness which he invented for himself to work off his surplus energy after banking-hours. He began to make — *scrap-books for the hospitals and prisons*.

Day after day, year after year, with scissors and the paste-brush, the dear old book-maker worked away until the read and re-read books began to come back to him for new binding from the cots and prison-cells, and till the Ilsley library numbered 1162. This besides unnumbered magazines and "Franklin Squares", etc., which friends sent in, sure they would start out again in thick brown jackets on rounds of service. "The Flower Mission" of Milwaukee furnished hands and feet to carry them about. Bits of travel, bits of science, stories, sermonettes,—he found niches for them all. The "Home" pages of the *Register* were a favorite hunting-ground for him. One of his last series was a set of **UNITY** scrap-books, utilizing the back numbers that had accumulated on our office-shelves. Wasn't it a loving service in which to spend the evenings of one's eighties?

Three friends of mine and missionaries. What Church commissioned them? The Church of the Spiritual and Kindly Life. And one was blind, and one an exile, and one was very aged. Who can not be a missionary!

W. C. G.

Contributed Articles.

THE SALUTATION.

It is related that Dante would say, that after he had met Beatrice and she had saluted him, such was his exaltation of spirit, he felt that he could forgive every enemy he had in the world.

Beauty and joy and goodness! triad blest,
Well might the loved one in such garments dreſt,
The miracle work within that seething breast!
For Goodness is of God, and joy is His,
The beautiful His wondrous presence is;
And where His glory streams athwart the face,
Thus can its radiance work His power and grace,
Changing the lower nature earth has given
Unto a spirit cleansed and worthy heaven.
O, thought supreme!—Can we, too, catch the light
On plainest outward guise! that beauteous, bright,
Made by the spirit's pure, transforming might?
With the soul set in love's true harmony,
Dwelling below as it would dwell on high.
Can earth again the miracle repeat?
And baser passions melt in charity so sweet?

A. M. G.

CITY AND COUNTRY, AGAIN.

There are many unfinished thoughts concerning the problems of farm life biding their time in my mind, and the article entitled "City and Country", in **UNITY** of April 3d, stirred up quite a commotion among them. Allow me to quote a little:

"But as the food and the raiment for the urban population must all come at last from the country, and as those who till the soil will not part with its products except for things which they want, there is a very definite limit to the amount of profitable work which any city can do. It may make for the farmers all the reaping machines and plows and scythes which they need, and for the farmer's wives and daughters all the sewing-machines and pottery and dry goods that they can possibly buy, but when their wants are supplied, as far as they are willing to labor to supply them, there is an end, and no more goods being wanted, no more wheat and wool will be sent to the city."

These two sentences contain an implication that is either cruel and false, or fatal to the writer's desire to win the surplus population of the cities to country life. If the wants of the farmer are, and *are to be* indeed few, and wholly material; if his ambition ends, and *is to end* with the attainment of the bare and cruder necessities of his physical life, then shall the agricultural ranks be decimated from year to year—since the human race as a whole is constantly groping for, and growing toward something beyond these. Yea, if the production of bread for the world is to

be left to a class of laborers who are content with this outlook, then shall the world ultimately starve—for by the inevitable law of progress, each human being will by and by leave the dwarfing occupation for his fellow, forgetful that there is a selfishness wrapped up in this very action.

It is for advantages that the country does not—though I would be very loth to say *cannot* offer—that the great body of humanity is constantly seeking the city. You may strive to inspire content without these advantages. You are pitting your wisdom and strength against God's. The remedy lies not in that direction. It is to place these advantages within the reach of country people, to teach them to create such advantages for themselves; to bring them into closer contact with the great throbbing life of the world, that you need to exert yourself. It is the duty devolving upon each human being to add to the store of the world, since, he must constantly draw from it, that should be pressed home to the heart of every individual. When that refined member of the Board of Trade, who secures for himself and family the delicacies and luxuries of life by watching, or perhaps governing, the prices of wheat, at the same time that he looks upon the farmers as mere hinds—when this gentleman shall awake to the fact that he has a conscience, and voluntarily dons the "little jacket knitted" for the much talked of daughter who plays the piano in the parlor and despises her toiling mother in the kitchen because she takes in washing to support her, one step will have been gained toward the solution of the problem under consideration. That the mother is somewhat and somewhere responsible, I grant, and for this reason I do not regret the keen shafts let fly at the farmers, only so they pierce an error, and spill not the life-blood of a virtue—only so they sting their victim into more of intellect and manhood, and not into *getting a living without work*.

The flower of the country youth goes to the city because he feels that he cannot fully develop himself upon the farm. He can do more for the world in a larger than farm life. I sometimes question his ultimate conclusion. Go back to the history of the Roman Empire, and consider whether or not agriculture and a national taste for the tillage of the soil is an important factor in the fate of a nation. These individual affairs grow to be mighty matters when they are bound together as the one life of a people. Perhaps no nation shall have come to stay until each of its subjects has learned to steadily sacrifice self for the general weal. Is it not to those "people who suffer in cities and towns" that I look to provide bread for the multitude. It is to those who more fully realize that the whole human race is a single family, and that each member should unselfishly take his share of the inevitable drudgery of earthly existence, even if his spiritual loss must be compensated for in what seems a very inadequate gain to his grosser fellow mortal.

There is still another little sentence in the article under consideration, to which I wish to call attention. It is this: "The farmers always live well, or whether we call it well or ill, their lives go on always much the same"—as other people's, permit me to add. It is the underlying truths common to all religions which must finally unite the churches. It is the experiences common to all mankind that bind us, and should bind us more closely together. Let us, then, not lose sight of these experiences, nor the fact that they *do* come to the lowly as well as the lofty; to the toiler in material as well as the toiler in spiritual; to the ignorant as well as the cultivated. So shall we draw nearer to the thought of the Great Creator, and better solve the problem that the writer of "City and Country" has at heart.

MINNIE S. SAVAGE.

COOKSVILLE, WISCONSIN.

PERHAPS this saying of Agassiz may throw light on the social problems of to-day: "No man has a right to what he is unfit to use."

NATURE'S INFLUENCE.

O, is there aught in this wide world more strange
Or aught more wonderful in spheres unknown,
Than nature's influence on human life?
We go into the open field or wood,
And she is there, and we are thrilled, and feel
An ecstasy which words cannot define—
A touch too delicate for human speech.

The robin's song comes floating on the air,
And all his soul is in it—it is more
To me than grandest opera, for by it
Is ushered in the sweet arbutus bloom
And tulips gay and yellow daffodils.

I stray amid a field of daisy bloom—
That all-pervading presence seems most nigh.
The atmosphere they breathe is full of cheer.
Who that has wandered with them, has not felt
His burdens lightened and his sorrows healed?
I know not why, but common flowers declare
Truth unto me when hot-house cultured fail,
And yet however reared no bud could ope
But felt the Awakener's touch of magic.

This do they teach. The same warm rays of sun
Fall on the nettle-plant, as fall upon
The sweet brier-rose, and the rain-laden cloud
Passes not by the meanest weed that grows.
And do not wayside flowers invite alike
The rich and humble? To possess is more
Than ownership. Who takes from harvest-field
Food for the inner life may richer be
Than he who fills his granary to the brim;
And he who spake strong words for human needs
But spake what every soul has felt and known—
That life and body are of more account
Than food and raiment.

Reddening in the spring,
Each maple tree reveals that wondrous care,
Which never slumbers. Were our human hearts
In perfect time with nature's, should we feel
It less, when dead leaves rustle neath our feet
And winds of autumn sing funereal dirge?

Why do men question of a future life?
The tiniest grass blades, springing from the sod,
Are bridges whereupon with trusting feet
I can in safety cross the stream of doubt—
Wing of bird and cloud which floats above me,
Pebble and sea shell which the tide brings in,
Opening bud and tinted leaf of autumn,
Ye all are messengers unto my soul.
Typical are ye and the revealers
Of the all-beautiful whom I adore.

ELLA F. STEVENS.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

WHAT IS POETRY?

Wordsworth calls poetry "The breath and finer spirit of knowledge". Coleridge, "The blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thought, and human passion". Ben. Johnson said, "that the principal end of poetry is to inform men in the just reason of living". Emerson writes, "The supreme value of poetry is the subduing of mankind to order and virtue". Plato thought "that all good poets compose their beautiful poems, not as a work of art, but because they are inspired and possessed."

John H. Morison says in his little book on "Poets as Religious Teachers", "That the greatest poet is he who takes the grandest characters through the most varied and trying experiences, and fills out for us, naturally and truly, what should be their thoughts and emotions. There is no process by theoer which the wants and capabilities of our

nature and the great laws of life can be so vividly and effectually brought before us."

R. Heber Newton says that "Poetry is prophecy—the forth-speaking of God Himself, a revelation of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit to the soul of man. The great prophets *were* poets, in Judea of old, and the great poets *are* prophets in America to-day. It is their God-breathed work to speak to the spirit, to open the eyes of the soul, to reveal the heaven that lies about us, to inspire the life which walks in the spirit and so does not fulfill the lust of the flesh, to feed the mind with thoughts which fire to earnest aspiration, and with feelings that turn to noble deeds, to come to the succor of the better nature with succors from on high, to quicken faith and brighten hope and sweeten charity, and impel us on toward the aim of all true culture, perfection."

B.

THE ILLS OF IRELAND.

The ebb and flow of politics are beyond the foresight of man. In a country which is governed on democratic principles no one can safely predict on one day the things which the morrow will bring forth. On ordinary questions of every-day importance the lines of divergence in the opinions of liberal and tory are as clearly defined as the whitest chalk on the blackest ground. Men are perfectly content to sink private convictions on such matters, and to vote for their party with faithful allegiance, stifling at the same time any qualms of conscience they may have on the subject, with the comfortable assurance that, after all, the policy of their party is, on the whole, better than the policy of the other side. But occasionally there arises a question of deep importance which forces men, from its intrinsic difficulty and complication, to think for themselves, and form an opinion irrespective of party. It is then quite marvelous with what keen insight and exactitude they will detect the manifest errors in the policy of their quondam leaders, and with what regret they are compelled by their consciences to differ from them. The question of home rule in Ireland has produced a temporary confusion of parties. Mr. Gladstone, in bringing in his bill, has failed to convince a large and independent section of liberals and radicals that his policy is sound, and though it is likely that he will introduce considerable modification in order to suit the views of those who are disposed to be renegades, it is tolerably certain that, on this question at any rate, there will exist in the liberal camp serious differences of opinion. Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Goschen, amongst others, have strayed away from the party fold, and are airing alternative plans of their own for the redress of the wrongs of Ireland.

But, despite these secessions from his government, and the caution with which his proposals are received, Mr. Gladstone has not lost any of his personal ascendancy. His opening speech was a memorable occasion. Hours before the debate every seat had been retained by members placing their hats on the benches according to the usual custom, and when the premier had arrived through the crowd which lined the street between Downing street and the House of Commons, there was not a vacant square foot unoccupied. Then followed one of the most remarkable speeches ever uttered by a man in his eighth decade. There were to be two parliaments in Ireland, composed of two distinct orders; a viceroy possessed of semi-royal powers with an attendant privy council, and all powers of government essentially Irish were to be completely in Irish hands.

In the speech of Mr. John Morley, the secretary for Ireland, there was nothing constructively additional to the plan as set forth by the premier, but it chiefly held out a warning of the consequences which the rejection of the bill would bring upon the whole country. Mr. Parnell signified a somewhat cold acceptance of its general provisions. The best speech from the conservative benches was

that of Lord Randolph Churchill, who dissected the premier's speech critically, with an absence of recrimination, in his case somewhat remarkable. The four seceders above mentioned carefully explained their differences with Mr. Gladstone amid cheers from the opposition, and as none of them agreed in their reasons for objecting to the scheme, a case considerable, both in matter and extent, was made out against the measure.

To take the fundamental principle of the bill, in which it proposed to withdraw all the Irish members from the English parliament, so that Irish opinion as to Imperial affairs is to be unrepresented, it may be predicted with tolerable certainty that such an excommunication will very soon come to be regarded as such by Irishmen in general, and a new grievance will be instituted instead of a wrong redressed. The great aim of a patriotic government is to render by its action existing grievances illusory, and this it will not be. But perhaps the most dangerous act in the whole measure is the proposal to put into Irish hands the complete control of the police, a body which at present is the only safeguard that law will be respected and order maintained in the island.

The English government is, and ought to be, responsible for such law and order; and it may be said with some truth that in order to shirk that responsibility it is endeavoring to give the reins of executive power into the hands of men who have shown themselves capable of nothing but obstruction of legislation in the past, and who have as yet given no guarantee of any desire to uphold the rights of law in the future.

Regarded by the light of history, the evils of Ireland seem to be too deeply rooted to be capable of being immediately swept away by any sudden legislative change. The antagonism of class and of religion will continue to remain as constant sources of irritation. The notion that they have an inalienable right to possess, and that they will eventually receive, the land for their own, gratuitously, has been too deeply ingrained into the minds of the tenantry by years of systematic agitation to be at once removed by a stroke of the pen.

Much has, and much will be done, however, by a steady adherence to the law, and the gradual removal of its existing imperfections. Years of absenteeism on the part of the landlords, as a class, and the necessary withdrawal of capital and energy which it entails have, in reality, done more to promote discontent than any real or imaginary injustice of past legislation. The disease of long growth is not to be cured by an instant remedy. The Land League (the Ku Klux of Ireland) with its attendant system of "moonlighting", "boycotting" and terrorism will have to die a natural death before law, peace or thrift will hold an unchecked course in the land. That it will do so may be predicted from the historical fate of kindred institutions. It will not be coerced out of existence.

For dealing with the province of Ulster no fixed plan is as yet formed, but it is left in a somewhat haphazard way for the ingenuity of parliament to devise some means of preserving her from the operation of the schemes. Again, there are many practical questions, such as, for instance, the amount of the Irish contribution to the Imperial revenue, the position and the functions of the two proposed houses of Legislature with regard to one another, their joint position with respect to the viceroy and his attendant privy council, the extent of any future exercise of the veto—questions which are left as yet undecided and ill defined, and which are full of difficulty to the thoughtful legislator.

At present it is impossible to predict how far this grand scheme may be modified or altered before it becomes law, if indeed it is successfully passed; but one thing is certain, and it is that a strong and sincere desire is shared by all classes of Englishmen alike to endeavor to do ample justice to Ireland, and to strive earnestly towards the solution of her difficulties, and if from this desire steps are taken, with any success, to turn a distressed and impoverished

country into a comparatively prosperous one, these difficulties will not have perplexed men's minds in vain.

"BRITANNICUS."

LONDON, April 20.

IN that study from life, Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton", Job Legh says to a leading manufacturer, "What we all feel sharpest is the want of inclination to help the evils that come when the works stop but the masters do not suffer If we saw them try for our sakes to find a remedy—even if they were long about it, even if they could find no help, and at the end of all could only say, 'poor fellows, our hearts are sore for ye; we've done all we could, and can't find a cure', we'd bear up like men through bad times. No one knows till they've tried what power of bearing is in them if once they believe that men are caring for their sorrows and will help if they can." It is perhaps one lesson of the times that "organization", "combination", must aim only to express and execute, not to supersede, individual effort and sympathy.

ELIVAR.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kansas.

THE people, not the pope, the laymen, not the priest, must rule before the gospel of Christ can have its full fruitage and glory. The world wants evangelizing everywhere, wants men with the spirit of Christ, that make light of the traditions of men; that take him at first hand, and not by permission of Rome or Geneva, or Andover even; that will strip his gospel of all extraneous and unwarranted conditions, and present it in its essence, as the embodied enthusiasm of humanity, lighted with and living by communion with God.

J. S. B.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—Your face is always welcome at home or away. Your recent words in behalf of the "innocents" slaughtered by the incarnate devils of pride and fashion were refreshing. They found a response in more hearts than you will ever know. We are here in this city of roses and balmy air on an exchange with Brother Chaney, who is at the north with his sick wife, now happily recovering from a long illness. We find they have together been doing a noble work here, winning the honor and love not only of their own people, but of outsiders, by their earnest work in behalf of a Christianity that is deeper and higher and broader than any "ism". Their return to Atlanta will be hailed with joy. The "Church of Our Father" has a fine chapel, with a corner lot in the center of the city reserved for a church edifice when the time shall come. It must come at no distant time, for the city is rapidly growing and minds and hearts are rapidly opening to the glory of our growing faith. Even during the long absence of their pastor the attendance has been very encouraging. This pioneer movement inaugurated by the Chaney's is no longer an experiment. It is an established fact. We have one church of the future in Georgia, and may confidently hope that the "ten times one" will come, through hard working and patient waiting. We have spent a most delightful season here with the saints and sinners of our own and other faiths, and shall bear away pleasant memories and bright hopes of our brave little church planted here, and planted to grow.

W. P. T.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—Your correspondent H. D. C. raises a question in UNITY for April 3d, page 64, that I am moved to answer.

To begin with the lawyer, his conclusion is sounder than his argument. His case properly presented is that the law does not punish criminals, but *proved* criminals, hence every man, no matter how guilty, has a right to the

best possible defense; has a right that his side shall be set forth as well as can be, and that absolute certainty alone shall convict him. A lawyer defending a criminal does not go against the law—he puts law in operation.

The physician does not go against the laws of nature. "Nature is conquered by obedience." The analogue of the physician is not the lawyer but the officer of the prisoners' aid association, who takes the criminal and "averts the natural penalty" of his crime, viz., the ostracism of his fellow citizens leading to social death, and by a course of treatment heals his sick soul and restores him to society.

The difficulty to H. D. C. seems to me to arise from a lingering of old terms as receptacles of new ideas. The term "punishment of sin" connotes the obsolete ideas of a punisher and an arbitrary punishment. Penalties are arbitrary human devices. There is no such thing as a "natural penalty". There are certain consequences that follow certain acts, under certain circumstances. Change the circumstances and you change the consequences. At what point in the downward career of a debauchee it is possible to stop, turn around, and begin a new life, depends partly on strength of will, partly on strength of constitution. If a wise physician is at hand, a weaker constitution may do better than a stronger one without him. The sick body and the sick soul may together be healed and the man may live a long and useful life. But the life can never be what it might have been had the downward course been never trod. The scars on soul and body are eternal.

A. GOATHERD.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I suppose that is the proper way to address you. I see it is the way General Rumbler and Aunt Hester have in their letters addressed you. I don't like General Rumbler; he is as cross as he can be and scolds us boys all he can in Sunday-school. If a fellow just looks round and laughs at something one of the other fellows is doing he begins a long lecture on how boys had to do when he was young. Oh dear, I am glad I am a boy now and was not one when General Rumbler was a boy. It seems to me we have lots more fun now. But I like Aunt Hester. If a chap does get into trouble she helps him out and smiles so on a poor fellow that he can't help but like her. But there is something queer about Aunt Hester's way. For her good, quiet way makes a fellow feel worse than old Rumbler's scolding does—ought I to say old Rumbler? That is just what he is, and you say tell the truth. But I was going to tell you that we like the new Sunday-school books, only some of the singing is too hard for us. They seem to have a jolly time in the other Sunday-schools when they are singing, and I wish we could have something lively too. It does one good to hear "Hold the Fort." It makes a fellow feel that he'll fight just as hard for right and truth as he does when he holds his snow fort in winter. But our new preacher makes the Sunday-school more lively than it used to be. And now I want to tell you, Mr. Editor, I agree with Aunt Hester. Our preacher is a good one—he is just boss. Aunt Hester did not put it that way, but that is what she meant.

We boys are beginning to feel as if that church did not all belong to the minister and the old folks. Our preacher just makes a chap feel as if he had a right in the church. He is the first preacher I cared a button for. You preachers are queer kind of men, and you make a fellow feel queer too. You don't seem to know what a fellow is thinking of when you are patting his head and telling him to be a good boy. You think us boys queer, I suppose. But then why don't you get at us in some other way than always telling us some goody-goody story? Our preacher does. He just makes a fellow feel as if he had just as hard a time as any other fellow had in being good. And he made me think one day that if I tried hard to be a good man it helped him—a preacher—to be a good man too. I know that is nonsense but that is the way I felt. Some of

the old folks think he is so young that he can't tell them much about doing right. But true as you live, he tells me a great deal more what is right than I do, and he tells the folks at home more about doing right than they do. This will cause trouble if you give my name to the people here, so don't do it. I suppose what is true in our house is true all around. The best one in our parish—I mean Aunt Hester—says she gets lots of good out of his sermons. They go to her heart. Hurrah for our preacher, Rumbler or no Rumbler. The last sermon was on "Duties to Children", and it told the folks to treat us as fellows who knew something. That isn't the way the preacher put it; but mighty near it. Well, that sermon caused a stir. And by the way, we know more about church doctrines than most folks think we do. I'll tell you about it in my next letter if you print this. I am not going to be a preacher. I don't read your paper, but if I see my letter I'll read it.

Yours respectfully,

JOHNNY BLUNT.

P. S.—This is not my real name but if I gave you my name it might bring down on my head a good deal more than I wish to face—there. My name is a much better one.

J. B.

UNREST, May 10.

The Study Table.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON is endearing herself to the hearts of many by the tender, graceful poems, which appear now and then over her signature. Such verses as "Campion", which appeared in a recent number of the *Century*, have made her name known to a large circle of readers, and friends of **UNITY** certainly need no introduction to one who has written for them so often and so well. The poem "Beyond the Veil", which has just been published by itself in pamphlet form, is an Easter message of hope and trust, and is another expression of Mrs. Brotherton's inclusive religious faith. A poor soul, a sinner upon earth, wandering alone in the chill and darkness of the outer gloom, "which lies beyond the portal of the tomb", was moved by a strange longing to look, if but for a single time, into the space where dwelt the blessed spirits of those who had done better with their lives on earth than she. The earnest longing proved to be the Father's voice, calling His child to Him, and the weary, struggling spirit found the gates of heaven open to her need and service to be done, waiting for her coming. "All Souls are Mine."

One hardly expects to find any poem, which aims to set forth an imagined experience in the future life, either entirely satisfactory or at all times helpful. Here, however, the thoughts are not spoiled by an unrestrained fancy. They stand in harmony with that thought of religion which believes that the best preparation for another world is the best use and enjoyment of this one. They hint the truth that human insight, however clear, cannot judge aright even of those souls nearest to it. We catch glimpses sometimes of the mistakes and the failures, but we can never estimate the struggles or tell "what's resisted".

Mrs. Brotherton has generously offered the proceeds of this little book to All Souls Church, and thus there seems a special fitness in the fact that it is indeed an "All Souls" poem. Perhaps it is not too late for it to do Easter service yet, especially as its value is not limited by any season.

E. E. M.

One Summer. By Blanche Willis Howard. Illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. New Edition. Cloth, 12mo., \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

"One Summer" is one of the few light books that "wear". Those who read it in 1875 will find it to-day the same deliciously humorous and tender narrative of courtship and summer pleasure, told with marvelous freshness, and ornamented in the most natural manner with the

most memorable poetical quotations adapted to such a piece of writing. Moreover, they will now be accompanied in the reading with nearly fifty illustrations, showing just how that umbrella collision took place which resulted in the particular kind of summer that the book tells us about, and also showing some interesting scenes which followed said collision. There is nothing new to say of the book beyond this, except that in its present form it is handsome and substantial, happy in illustration, first-class in type and paper, and in price a surprise to book-buyers.

E. R. C.

Talks With My Boys. By William A. Mowry, A. M., Ph. D. Revised edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

These "Talks" are twenty-seven short, pithy chapters of counsel and suggestion relating to life and character, written in a simple, matter-of-fact manner, and evidently intended for young persons (not boys only) ranging from twelve to eighteen or twenty years of age. Though devoid of literary ornament, and at times scarcely as perspicuous as we wish they were,—in respect to moral and religious topics,—they are among the best of current addresses to the young, and deserve the widest circulation. Most of the "Talks" are reprinted from the *New England Journal of Education* and the *Congregationalist*. They are issued in bright blue covers, in 266 16mo. pages, and the price of the volume is \$1.00.

E. R. C.

Temperance Teachings of Science. By A. B. Palmer, M. D. LLD. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This is one of the many little books which the new interest in temperance education has called forth, and one of the best we have seen. Without needless scientific phraseology, positive yet not dogmatic in tone, reliable as to statements, clear in argument—such are its merits. It aims to show just what the effect of alcohol upon the human body is—just the harm and destruction it really works. By doing this, the writer hopes to strengthen this principle as to the question of alcohol, "It is harmful; it is useless; we will not take it." Such books as this are the best temperance speakers. Facts, as here told, preach the best sermons for total abstinence. Let any young man read Doctor Palmer's plain but interesting statement, and then consider his responsibility; he will have learned much, and probably will see duty ahead. Let the women who are working so nobly for the cause read such books, for in them they will find such weapons as they need for the fight. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore contributes the introductory chapter, in which she pleads for the education of the young in the knowledge of the simple facts. There are few books better adapted for its purpose, as a help to teachers and older scholars, than this by Doctor Palmer. It may be well to note that the author is professor of medicine in the University of Michigan.

C. R. E.

The Home.

SCRAP BOOKS.

PART SECOND.

"I can't imagine what keeps Hepsy so long; she surely has had time to go to the four corners and back", and Farmer Hepworth stretched his weary limbs, and laid back in the flag-bottomed rocking-chair, out in the west porch. Ploughing was hard work for a man of seventy. No wonder he was tired.

"Perhaps", said Mother Hepworth, coming to the door wiping her hands on her apron, "the mail was behind time." Then shading her eyes from the light with her hand, "Isn't that her 'way yonder? How fast she comes."

"I'll venture to say she has some mail to read aloud;

hurry, mother, and get through so you can listen. She's the best granddaughter two old people ever had; so unselfish, and anxious to make us comfortable, true Christian spirit there and no mistake."

Hepsy came in all aglow from her walk and sat down upon the broad door-stone, displaying her treasure. Uncle William's scrap-book has indeed found a welcome, and here are the bright eyes ready to read.

It was late before Hepsy closed the book. Grandma's knitting lay untouched in her lap, and Grandpa was drinking in every word. "I've no idea who writes all the good things, but I wish I could shake hands with them all round and tell them I believe I can work better to-morrow, to pay for hearing their good words."

Hepsy went into the house to "set the dough a-rising for to-morrow's bread", saying to herself, "I wish they would send a young folks' scrap-book, with a picture here and there. I'm sure they must have an abundance of such things and forget how few we country people get."

Think of it, friends, isn't it true? Don't burn up the pretty cards and children's papers. They might brighten some home or cheer some far away sick-room.

S. M. B.

DAISY-CHAINS.

In a field of daisies,
On a summer's day,
A little youth and maiden
Sat them down to play.
Both had bonnie faces,
Their eyes were like the dove;
The gentler one was Friendship;
The bolder one was Love.

To Love said gentle Friendship :
"Without you what am I?
Unless you tend the blossoms
My roses droop and die."
But Love made answer softly :
"Without you I am naught,
For love not born in friendship
Is but a passing thought."

So they made a chain of daisies,
And bound each other fast,
Thus may we always find them,
Unto the very last;
Our Friendship all unbroken,
Our Love fore'er the same;
And binding them together,
Our childhood's daisy-chain.

—A. W. J. in *Scattered Seeds*.

"WHEN I'm *very* good, just the best I know how", said a dear little girl to me, her dark eyes earnest with feeling, "then mamma lets me take something to poor people: sometimes, though, she has me wait on the sick."

If all Christian mothers were so-minded—the blessed little ones sweetly growing into the knowledge that the sacred privilege of ministry to want and sorrow is not always to be had for the asking—but is worth striving for—what a future might we now be entering upon! What moral powers shall not the children of such mothers inherit! In a community where such were in a majority would capital and labor be arrayed against each other?

ELIVAR.

"IN the east there was actually a man who every morning collected his people about him and would not go to work till he had commanded the sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command till the sun of its own accord was really on the point of appearing." Goethe, *conversations with Eckermann*.

Unity Church-Door Pulpit.

SERIES III.

NO. 6.

THIRTY YEARS IN THE WESTERN MINISTRY.

A Sermon delivered before the Western Unitarian Conference at Cincinnati, Tuesday evening, May 11, 1886, by Rev. Chester Covell.

The task which falls on me this evening, and which I have taken very reluctantly, is to gather from a service of thirty-three years in the western ministry some items of interest for this conference.

An eastern ministry of ten years matured in my mind a desire to build up a church somewhere on an undenominational basis. I repelled, probably more from constitutional drift than from clear conviction, the limitations of creed, expressed or implied. The common thought and the common usages outside and inside of my ecclesiastical relations seemed wanting in freedom, in naturalness, in common sense. My acquaintance with persons and writings of the liberal school was limited. Worcester's "Last Thoughts" had fallen in my way when a youth. Channing's works were put on my shelf in the fourth year of my ministry, but had been little read at the date of which I speak. In the first year of my western life I had a brief interview with the reverend Mr. Conant, the "earnest man", a pioneer of the liberal faith in the west. These were the principal sources of outward impression in the direction of a larger outlook that had reached me; and having had no advantages of biblical schooling, my theological resources were somewhat scant. The moral irregularities of the common life weighed heavily upon me, and all questions of theology were considered from their ethical bearing. The problem uppermost in my mind was that concerning the best conditions for the growth of a society in the verities of religion. In May, 1855, the opening came. It chanced to be at Buda, then simply a station on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway, a hundred miles out from Chicago. It had for its recommendation a beautiful country about it with a farm-house here and there, and a few eastern families. A school-house was in process of erection, which in a few months became our church, where services were held semi-monthly for three years, everybody attending for miles around.

The sociable and the Sunday-school took shape from the beginning and have been invaluable to our enterprise. Religious draperies become moldy and moth-eaten. Forms tire and we change them. But social force is eternal. It never fails us. It is the maker of our friendships. It is a spur to our endeavor. It bears burdens, lightens toil and sweetens the cup of life. On this mainly depend church organisms the world over for strength and cheer. And the Sunday-school, if it proved little to the children, was much to us. It brought us stately face to face with young minds, inspired interest, taught us tenderness and affection, rebuked our indifference and selfishness, gave us an object to work for which commended itself to our reason and to every virtuous prompting of our being. That it proved itself something to the children we need not be told.

These beginnings of church life were small, but full of cheer and large of hope. We had taken no church name, did not want it, thought we could do the Master's work better without it. But the sectarian banners appeared on the scene and the battle must be fought. The union was broken and two other bands formed, assuming church responsibilities. Since then two others have been added and yet the town has never been able to count a thousand

inhabitants. As is obvious, the struggle for existence on the part of these societies became almost desperate, and often involved means and methods of doubtful morality. Our enterprise, holding a position unique and heterodox besides, became the common target for the rest. In seasons of revival, which usually lasted from one to four months in the year, we were treated as a common prey. Our independence was not acknowledged until within late years.

In 1858 our movement took more of an organized form. A name was given it—"Christian Church of Buda"—not as denominational setting, but out of love and loyalty to our great Nazarene teacher. A chorus of voices, fifty in all, said, "Let us be free to work out our own religious problem as best we can." This church made the Bible its creed, declared the right of private judgment in its interpretation, said character should be the only test of fellowship and made such addition to its services and adopted such measures as were deemed essential to its growth and usefulness. Having no dogmas to defend, no heresy-hunting to do, no expulsions to make, its little strength could go into the cultivation of the virtues. It aimed to secure not only churchly habits but real excellence. So far as it could with its dim light it endeavored to follow God's method as seen in nature, ministering ever to the diverse needs of the mind of man, not alone to the technically religious. Good done, of whatever kind it might be, was deemed Christian work. Church services were looked upon as a means of inspiration rather than as end.

Under this form of organization the society worked with more or less efficiency for ten or eleven years, when it became apparent that certain ideas it had maintained, and usages it had adopted, were no longer helpful. Such was the idea of the profession of peculiar sanctity implied in becoming church members. Workers who loved virtue, but did not like to make profession of it, declined to become members. Virtually then we had two societies—a wheel within a wheel as it has been termed. Besides, it was observed that the distinctions made by church lines were false and mischievous. It was found, too, that ideas in other regards had greatly changed since we had been left to the freedom that God giveth. But we were in no haste to make outward changes. What was outgrown and dead was left to bury itself and what was new and true was gradually incorporated into our thinking and living. It was easy to do this, not being responsible to a sect and not having committed ourselves to a definite system of thought. But no pause was observed in our work; the effect was rather to bring to it fresh vigor. While the pulpit was ever free to express its matured convictions on all questions of theology, it was understood that the people had the same right to disagree as to agree with it. Its emphasis fell on activities, not on thinkings. If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine. Character is the best creed.

Diversity characterized our society from the beginning. Five denominations were represented in it, and later came the spiritualist, the agnostic and the free-thinker. Yet no disaffection ever arose out of differences in opinion. It was felt that most believe what they must believe, that difference in religious views should excite no more surprise than

difference in the methods of business. It was the purpose not only to treat every one's ideas with respect, but to encourage their free expression. Interchange became easy and added both to the wealth of thought and the wealth of friendship. More on account of what was implied in this first form of organization than on account of what was stated, it was deemed best in 1873 to unite all available forces under a purely working organization.

It will be perceived that it took us eighteen years to reach the platform which is familiar to Unitarian churches. But in religion, as in figures, the work of solving a problem is of more value than the solution. Croesus said that if his children should take as much pleasure in spending as he in accumulating his fortune, he should be content. From this time on for the next ten years our labors were divided between Buda and Sheffield, the latter society being small in numbers but large in soul. The dimensions of this paper will preclude much reference to the work of these years.

As an organism, our Buda enterprise was a feeble affair. In its best days it represented only about seventy families. As an influence it has been considerable, regarding the circumstances. Its field is a town of shifting population. Its men and women were but the average of the country, some of them with little ancestral leaning toward the religious side of life, others happy in a new found freedom, but indifferent to its responsibilities. Yet, with all these disadvantages it exercised some power, if we may judge from the treatment it has received. An influence went out from it that awakened fear and caused alarm in our neighboring churches. We have sought no controversy and have tried to be as just to faiths as to persons, yet the Union church, so called, has given rise to many hard speeches and bitter reproaches. Every new comer was warned to keep clear of its baleful doctrines.

As already said, the enterprise in itself considered had nothing in it to gratify even a small ambition. It was poor in numbers, lean in purse, without marked ability in its supporters, with a pulpit, if not tame, at least without brilliancy, with no genius at the head of the Sunday-school department, and with little help from abroad. Its musical department was conducted with rare ability. And it had faith in work—in that line upon line, precept upon precept, kind, which makes no noise. This was put into the sermon, lecture, Sunday-school, festivals, clubs—club-work began near eighteen years ago—into special services, temperance reform, etc. But this kind of work counts little, is not put on exhibition, multiplies no converts, creates no sensation, tempts no report. To material senses there is little to show for these thirty years of labor. There stands the old barn-shaped church with some attempt at modification in its windows, and painting and papering to hide its antiquity. At the ringing of the old bell there has been a coming together weekly of from fifty to two hundred persons, including children for the Sunday-school. This is about all there is of it to one who looks from without. Rumors of its decay and death were afloat up to its last annual meeting. But from another point of observation another impression comes to us. Some penetration into its soul-world reveals a growth in all the elements of our humanity—shows that character-building has been going on, the force of which has been sent out on many lines, has found its way into the homes of not a few in most of the states of the Mississippi Valley, and has touched both eastern and western shores of our great country, and many a place between. From this little church of no pretension have gone out persons to fill the places of teachers, merchants, mechanics, traders and some of the learned professions. In spite of all the fencing against it, its influence has gone into the churches of those who have so violently assailed it. Many of its thoughts, once considered so abhorrent, have quietly crept into other pews and pulpits. Some of its measures have been adopted and we have never complained because we did not receive credit for them. Ministers have come among us full of spite, and fight,

and hate, and left us with no ill-will. One left with a hearty "God bless you" on his lips. Another who was sorely tried on account of our heresies expresses deep sympathy. Another sends a message of good-will and says he is now with us. It may be noted, too, as a matter of fact to which the movement stands related, that the old faiths have long reposited on shelves, that church lines have changed their meaning, that confidence in sudden conversions has been shaken, that the public school has gone up, that the drinking saloons have gone down, that morality and "filthy rags" no more keep company, that the general aspiration is in the direction of the higher and the better. Many agencies have been concerned in such changes, but among them we find our foot-prints.

We have not found our ideal of a church yet. It is in the nature of some trees to grow straight and well-shaped. It is in the nature of others to grow crooked and ill-formed. So with societies. What they can be depends both on germinal force and the work put into them. These details are given not with an eye to a model, but to show that the little church around the corner in the city, and the little society in the lone country place have an element of worth in them and can do something not only for themselves but for the world.

Our enterprise may have some value in showing that *good-doing* is an all-sufficient doctrinal basis on which a church may safely stand. Not that questions of theology need be ruled out, but they need not come to the front as they have done. They may be treated more as open questions. True, this position is not new, but the new time gives it new emphasis. In religion as in all departments of human thought, questions solved, periodical and laid away for the use of future times are constantly coming up for reversal of judgment. The old settlements do not keep. The finished, final statements bristle with interrogation points. Indeed, never was there a time when theological definitions were such uncertain things as now. They will hardly keep over night. Knows all the world if it will stop to think a moment that Christianity as Christ preached it bears no relation to creed. It was the great humanity of the founder that gave us the name. This is the rock—humanity—on which he built. This is the rock on which we must build. It is the old commandment, love God, love man. It is the new commandment—love one another. Churches now wanted stand neither for this ism nor that, for this philosophy nor that. They stand rather for doing the work the times bring them—for doing the work sent them to do. As of old, the poor are here—the poor poor and the rich poor. The political economy is not yet written that shall prove to these two classes, which now divide the world, that they belong to the same brotherhood. Nor can it be until religious culture has done its work. These poor must have the gospel preached to them if we are to be saved from anarchy and misrule. Not less do other forms of poverty with their attendant evils claim the attention, the interest, the activities of the church. In every structure of society from base to crown there is a crying demand for virtue, honor, justice.

And while the sources of such power are many, as the platform, press, school, home, yet none act more directly, more tellingly than the church. "Ye are the light of the world"—ye honest, earnest, truthful men and women; ye thoughtful, careful ones, lovers of your kind, doing for the children, sympathizing with the suffering, looking after the unfortunate, cheering the desponding, enlightening the ignorant; ye who sow the good seed in the morning and withhold not the hand in the evening, and sow in all fields open to you—ye are the light of the world. Ye are the church, no matter what name ye bear, what forms ye wear, what creed ye are of—the church of the living God against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. In times of ignorance and superstition the world has had the custom of crucifying its benefactors. God be thanked that that period is passed. It now sup-

ports and cherishes them. Let a church prove its benefaction to a community, make itself felt as a need, do the work in its line that the public approve—the work that makes them better citizens, neighbors, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children—the work that qualifies men and women to fill with honor the various stations in life to which they may be called, and many will be the willing hands and hearts flocking to its support.

The fittest survives. The time hastens, is upon us, not in full tide, when the church like everything else must bear the test of use. There is a place in the church-world for the thinker's thought, for the labored argument, for the speaker's eloquence, but they cannot make a church or fill its place or do its work. No more can the able sermon, the sweet song, the feeling prayer. Such as these are helps, indispensable helps. But a church must have souls, too, and united in labors of love. Two or three of them will bless a whole community. Two or three, *gathered together*—they have commanded the divine presence in all the ages. The more, the larger the blessing.

I believe in the church as it has been for the time that was; as it is until we can make it better. The church principle is the law of the centuries. The union of moral forces and spiritual aspirations carries the world up to higher tide-marks of civilization. Gladstone's speech removes obstacles to a redeemed Ireland, but the masses have a part to play before that desideratum is accomplished. The work of Gladstone has been pretty well done among us. The falsity and inefficiency of the old faiths have been ably stated. The new thought has gone into all the world. If the twos and threes and manys of the new faith had come together, in the cities, villages and country places within the bounds of the Western Unitarian Conference and asked for representation in this body it would have taxed your city's accommodation to entertain them. If the faith that is in them makes title, then more than a hundred towns in our state of Illinois are entitled to a liberal ministry. It is the same in other states. Having planted are we ready to till? Having removed the old foundations are we ready to build on the new? Is it ethical to tear down and not build up?

This thoughtful, growing multitude, spoiled for orthodoxy, want religion, want a church home, and none the less do they want it even though they do not sense the want. While this will be readily admitted, I shall be told the men and the means are not at hand. 'Tis true. But ought they not to be, at least to a reasonable extent? The wise builder looks out for the new structure before he removes the old. The new faith, if it is to succeed in organized form, should be attended with such earnest endeavor, such enthusiastic interest, such wise forethought as to create the needful supplies. Occasionally, very rarely, is a young man found among us looking to the ministry as a profession. One man only in these thirty years, from my town church, gives himself to this work. This dearth is not to our credit. That others feel it gives little satisfaction. Lately a cloud of promise has arisen among us from the other hemisphere of our humanity. My hope has brightened for the liberal cause in the west since such an earnest helping hand has come to it from our sisters. If only our precious faith had its rights, if it deeply moved the hearts of our people, we should experience less want in workers. If a nation wants soldiers it makes them. If a state wants teachers it makes them. If a church wants ministers it must make them.

Yet I am told that we can not supply places for the ministers we have. But are there not hundreds of places waiting to be made? If you need, consult the records of the post-office mission work for answer. True, these places are not all to be found in our cities and large towns. Needful centers are these, but center must have circumference. If the formation of character is what we seek, if manhood and womanhood are what we work for, no better returns are made for labor than in the country. There external nature gives her schooling as she can not in the crowded

city. As a rule the country life furnishes to the city its ablest men in the different departments of its activity.

I have no words of blame for our Harvard and Meadville students, who have obtained their culture at such cost of time and means, for desiring settlements with churches of refinement and moneyed ability; yet in view of our great need I cannot but wish from the bottom of my heart that there were those among us—hundreds of them—ready to take their lives in their hands and become ministers to the hungry few scattered over this western world.

In the logic of events the era of church building is upon us. I speak for the liberal cause in the west and not for any faction.

It is hoped that these factions ere long will come to unite in co-operation. Diversity in unity is the method of life. Denominationalism should be forgotten and lost sight of when world-wide interests are at stake. The era, I say, of church building is upon us. I do not mean the multiplication of churches merely, or church propaganda. The energy of the churches representing the new faith has been largely used in its establishment. This need has wonderfully diminished in a few years. Helps in this line have come to us from all quarters, from science, literature, the common thought—come out of the heart of evangelism itself even. We shall be left without employment if our forces continue in this field much longer. But, as it looks to me, there is a grand work before us and not so different as to be difficult to perform. The teacher still, but more of the pastor; this is about all the change required. More attention and labor must go into the building part of our work. Existing churches can be made more efficient. They want the master-builder's work done among them more and more. All the care, enterprise, earnestness, watchfulness, diligence necessary to carry on business in other fields are necessary to success in church. Bring to it time, money, devotion, affection, friendship—whatever you have—and make it what you know it ought to be made, the center of benevolent activities, a resting-place for the weary and heavily-laden, a home for the sorrow-stricken and stranger, a source of inspiration to young and old—make it holy by putting it to holy uses.

This little piece of advice is not for ministers—such as this is their calling—but for everybody who takes a seat in church, and for those who do not that have faith in it; for our strong young men who are tempted to pass it by and go some other way; for our business men who feel that they must have Sunday for rest and think if the contribution is made and wife and children go their whole duty is done, and for all others whose habitual prayer is, "Have me excused." That policy is wanting in enlightened interest which, after having furnished all the conditions of successful work at considerable cost in means, in time, in labors of hand and brain, withholds the very thing most needed, personal thought and feeling, moral support. Let every man take heed how he buildeth.

And these nuclei—something of building ought to reach them. Some attention and labor at the right time and of the right kind would make them into efficient churches. And while in our present status few such calls can be met, and these mostly by our state missionaries, still let us remember that every one helped in whatever way increases ability to meet further demands of the kind. And let us remember also that we are not working alone for to-day, that the religion we represent has come to stay, not in its theories and forms, but in its principles and influences; and whatever we can do is so much of a bequest to the ages. Our position is susceptible in the highest degree to zeal and missionary spirit. If we but observe the hand on God's time-piece and regulate our time by it the future holds for us glad surprises.

It is very hard to do a thing on principle, *i. e.*, without regard to personalities, simply because judgment says it is the right thing to do.

Notes from the Field.

BOSTON NOTES.—Last week our ministers were exhilarated by a visit from the editor of *UNITY*, who came to attend a meeting of the council of the National Conference. The inside news of the western churches is encouraging. Our sympathy for Brother Janson's late church calamity was made very deep by listening to the detailed story. Cambridge listened attentively to Brother Jones's sermon given in Harvard church and our Young Men's Christian Union welcomed him on a Sunday evening.—William Ware Locke was ordained to the ministry at Warren street chapel last Sunday—Dr. DeCosta, of New York, will soon advocate here an effort to promote purity of thought, speech and life among street children, and other young persons. Bishop Durham, of Manchester, England, has successfully inaugurated such a movement among young persons of all classes in his city.—The Monday club lately discussed free pews in churches. Many successful societies east and west are working the plan. Church funds come always voluntarily, whether they be called pew-tax or rental, and a small number of church-goers almost always need in large societies to stand ready and willing to pay deficiencies. In large and small societies the principle of voluntary worship and voluntary church support is the true one. A great prejudice now exists against the old way of permitting a few persons only to vote on society matters in virtue of their pew ownership.—The labor strikes have partially suspended work on the new Unitarian building, but the few hands remaining there can finish the edifice outside and inside before anniversary week.—Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, of Dorchester, is becoming known hereabouts to be, like Father Matthew, the great apostle of temperance.—At a public discussion of the care of neglected children the responses were nearly unanimous in favoring the keeping of families together, the placing of children in families rather than in institutions, and an oversight of children until of full age, placed out, by some responsible society in a city.—Thirteen young ministers will graduate from the Cambridge Divinity School the coming summer.—The great tulip show in our public garden attracts many visitors—ladies, lovers, nurses, school children—and is certainly a good investment of city funds.—The circulation of the *Unitarian Review* has largely increased during the past year.—Rev. George L. Chaney, of Atlanta, has exchanged pulpits six weeks each with Rev. H. A. Westall, of Woburn, Mass., and Rev. Wm. P. Tilden, of Brighton, Mass.—The Conference of Sunday-school superintendents and teachers will hold their closing meeting for the year on the 17th inst. with a symposium of brief reports and a resolve that they have become well acquainted with each other and each other's work.—Our Sunday-school society's newspaper projects a wide branching of temperance societies in the parishes and schools of our denomination.—The sum of Rev. J. F. Clarke's sermon on the Chicago riots is that Jesus's golden rule might guide the Knights of Labor and capitalists into peaceful co-operation; that the rioters need to be treated as criminals.—Collections to rebuild Brother Janson's shattered church are being made by our principal societies.—Arrangements are making for kindergartens or other schools with light exercises, to be held during the summer vacations of our public schools—a good example for all cities to copy.

E. R. B.

FALL RIVER.—A hopeful state of things exists in this society. Not only has the congregation increased, but the Sunday-school has nearly doubled within the last two years. The pastor's class—its third year—averages from twenty-five to thirty adults, and the subjects discussed are living questions of the day, several weeks of late having been given to labor and capital. A paper is usually read

by some member of the class, or a talk given by the leader, which is discussed during the hour. A "Band of Mercy" has been formed in the school, and in place of the usual Easter concert, but on the previous Sunday evening, a "Service of Mercy" was held, the audience filling the place of worship. The walls were hung with beautiful pictures of different kinds of animals, and several crayon pictures of dogs by local artists stood upon easels on the platform; and the noble Newfoundland dog belonging to Congressman Davis sat dignified upon the stage where the children spoke, and received the caresses of the little girl who recited "Rover", T. J. Field's last poem. "The Halo", by W. C. Gannett, was recited by a lad; and as the result of the concert deep general interest was created in behalf of the lower creatures, and an Audubon society is in contemplation to save the song birds, and do away with the wearing of birds on the ladies' hats. A grand May Festival comes off to-morrow. The Unity club numbers 115 members, its meetings are held fortnightly from October till May, and are arranged under four heads, social, literary, musical and dramatic. The literaries are sometimes parlor lectures, and at others public vestry lectures, to which latter the public are invited. Rev. W. R. Alger gave a parlor lecture on "The Uses of Poetry", Rev. Mr. King gave two scientific lectures on Evolution, and Theodore D. Weld gave a course of Shakespearean readings. The other departments hold their entertainments in parlor, public hall or vestry, according to circumstances. The object of the club is not to make money, but to be a social and literary educator of the people. The membership is confined to the society, but help in the entertainments can be sought outside. The new Women's Auxiliary is essentially a literary circle, and is doing a good work and has before it a hopeful future. A subscription has been started for a new organ. The quartette choir has been superseded by a large chorus choir. The chairman of the standing committee and President of the Channing Conference, Dr. J. M. Aldrich, lies critically ill from a fall early in the winter. He has the sympathy of many friends.

CLEVELAND, O.—The Domestic Training School, homed in Unity Church, is a growing success. The *Plain-Dealer* of May 4 gives over five columns to its annual reports. To the House Work section and the Sewing section a Cooking section is now added, and the whole thing has grown *downward* into a Kindergarten, the necessary root for effective work of this kind. It proposes to publish a book of its House Work lessons.

THE story of Lord Fauntleroy, written by Frances Hodgson Burnett, now running in serial form through *St. Nicholas*, is very charming and original. The little hero is the son of an English nobleman, who was disinherited by his father for his marriage to an American, and not until after the son's death does the ill-tempered old earl relent, and then only so far as to send for his grandson and domesticate him in the castle with himself in acknowledgement of his future heirship to the estates. But he refuses to receive the boy's mother under his roof, establishing her in a lodge near by where she may see her boy every day, but not live in the same house with him. The plot of the story turns upon the bright, lovable, unspoiled nature of little Cedric, in the contrast it affords to the selfish, tyrannical disposition of his grandfather. "Give the boy plenty of toys and he will forget his mother", he says, but the reader knows better than this, and follows the different chapters in the confident expectation that Cedric will not be spoiled by his good fortune, and that through the unconscious influence of one happy, unselfish little boy the lives and natures of many of his elders, which some hard or unfortunate circumstance has made bitter and disappointed, will grow sweet and good again. We can heartily recommend this story to old and young readers.

C. P. W.